

Indian Two Feet and His Horse

By MARGARET FRISKEY Pictures by EZRA JACK KEATS



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By MARGARET FRISKEY

Pictures by EZRA JACK KEATS

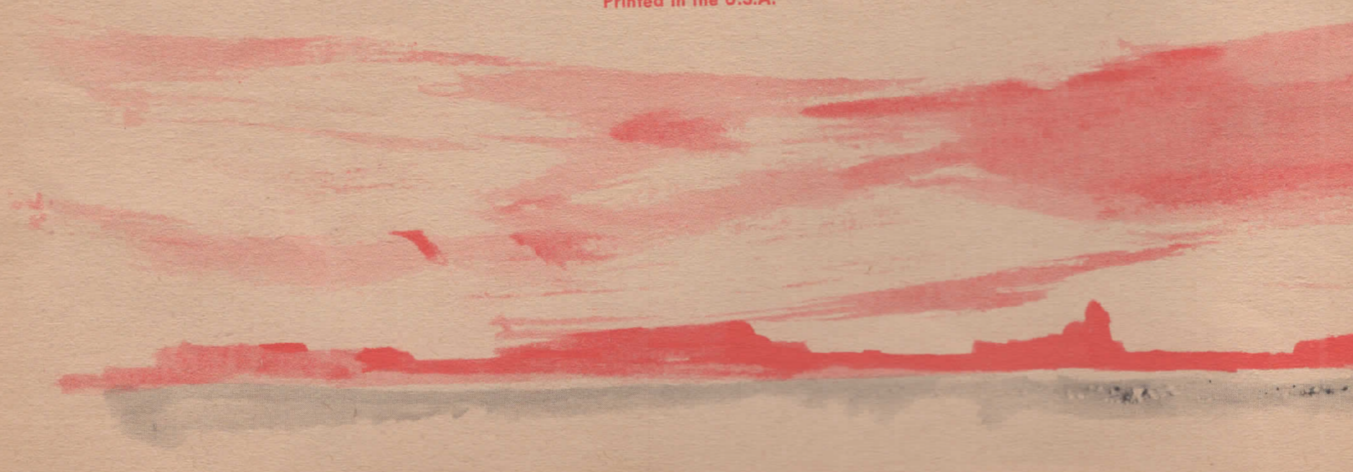
SCHOLASTIC BOOK SERVICES

Published by Scholastic Book Services, a division
of Scholastic Magazines, Inc., New York, N. Y.

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Scholastic Book Services edition is published by arrangement with Childrens Press.

5th printing September 1966

Printed in the U.S.A.

A red ink wash illustration of a landscape. The upper portion shows a sky with horizontal, wavy brushstrokes in various shades of red. Below the sky, a dark, silhouetted mountain range stretches across the horizon. In the foreground, a body of water is depicted with a few small, dark shapes that could be rocks or small boats. The overall style is minimalist and artistic, using only red ink on a light background.

There was
a little Indian.

He wished
he had a horse.



But he did not
have a horse.

He had to walk, walk, walk.



He could sing.
He could dance.





He could skin a deer
for hide. But he could
not ride a horse.

He had to walk.

He could listen to a story.



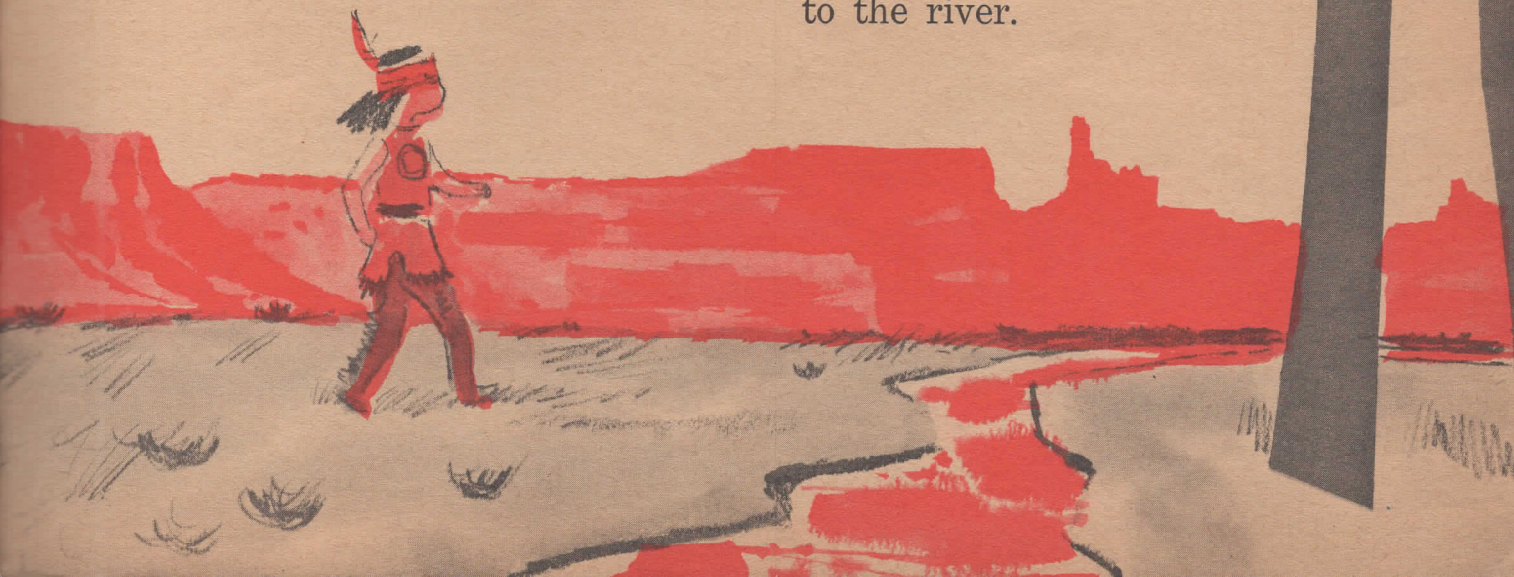
He could paint
with a piece of bone.
But he had no horse.
He *wished* he had a horse.





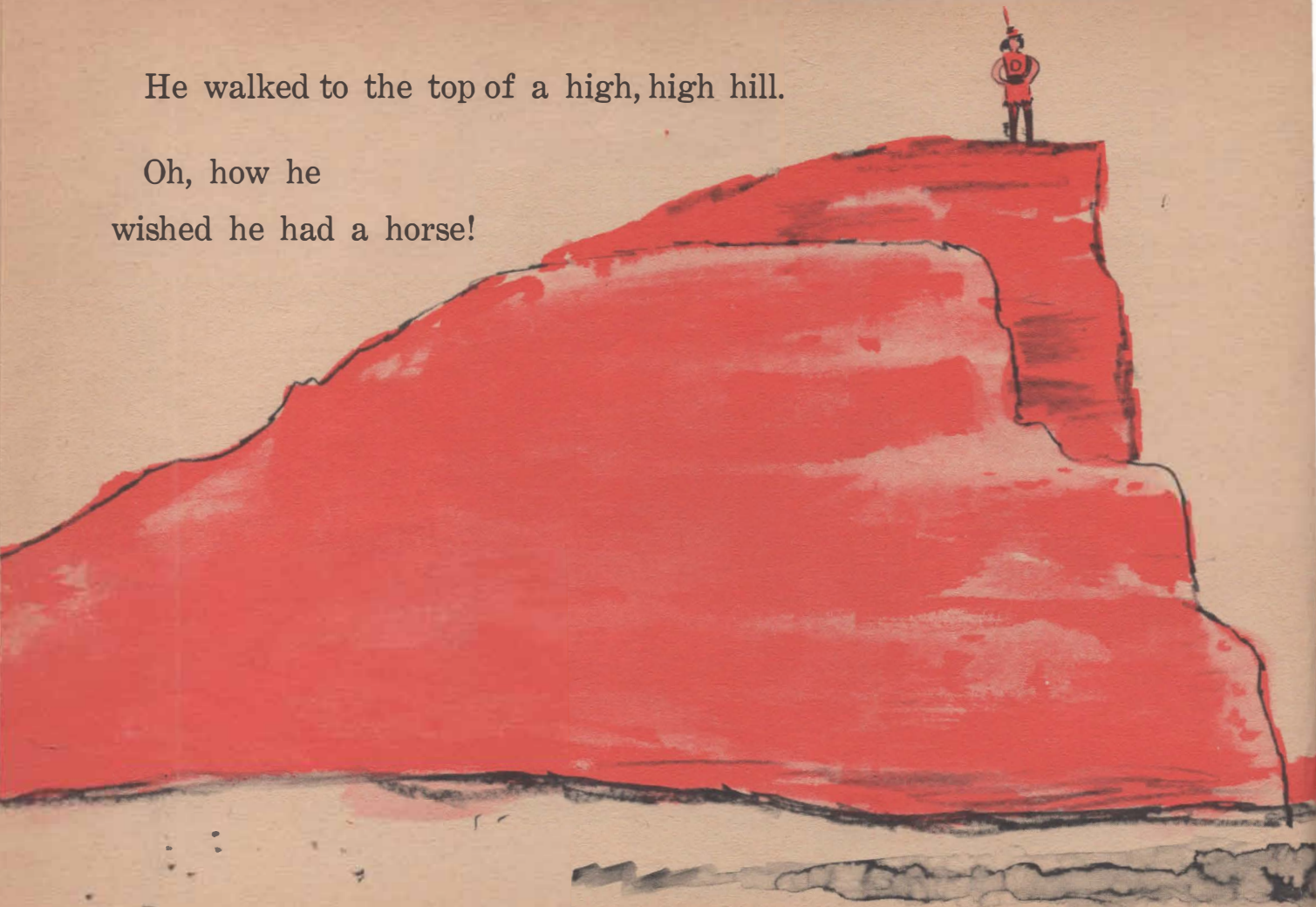
He walked
to the woods.

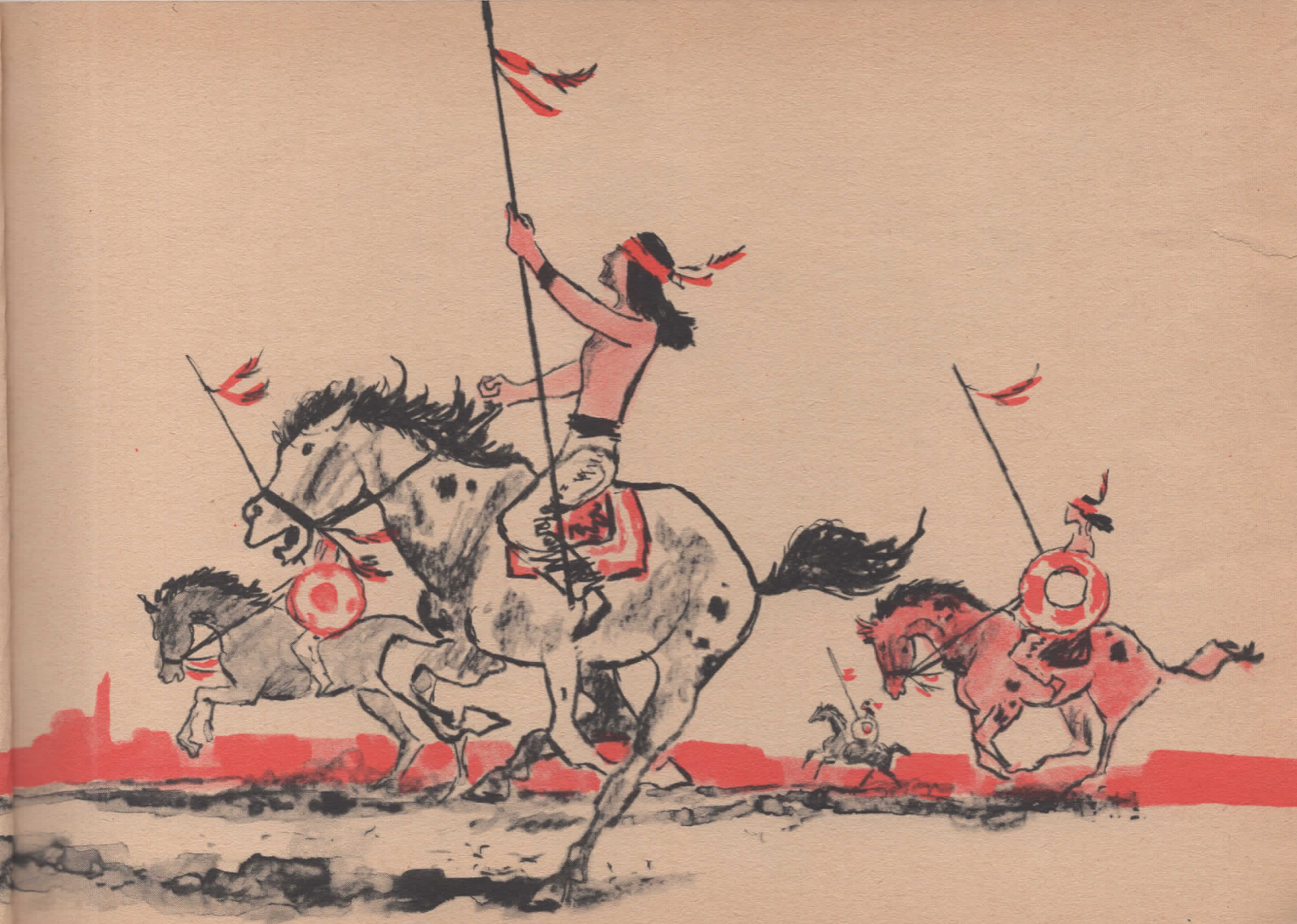
He walked
to the river.



He walked to the top of a high, high hill.

Oh, how he
wished he had a horse!







He could ride down
the hill on a rock.

He could ride a big, fat log.





He could swing
across a river
from a tree.

But, of course,
he could not ride
a horse.

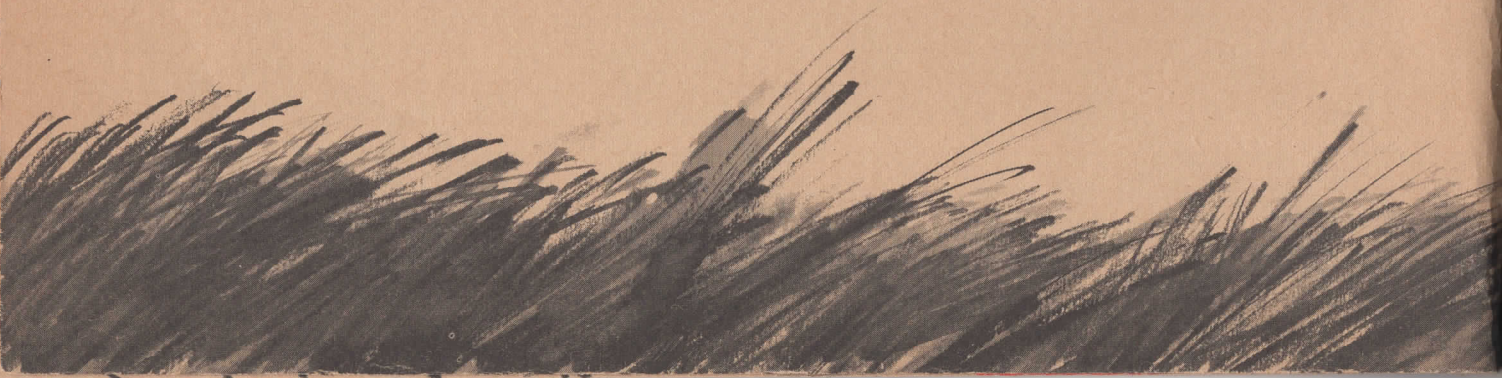
He did not have one.



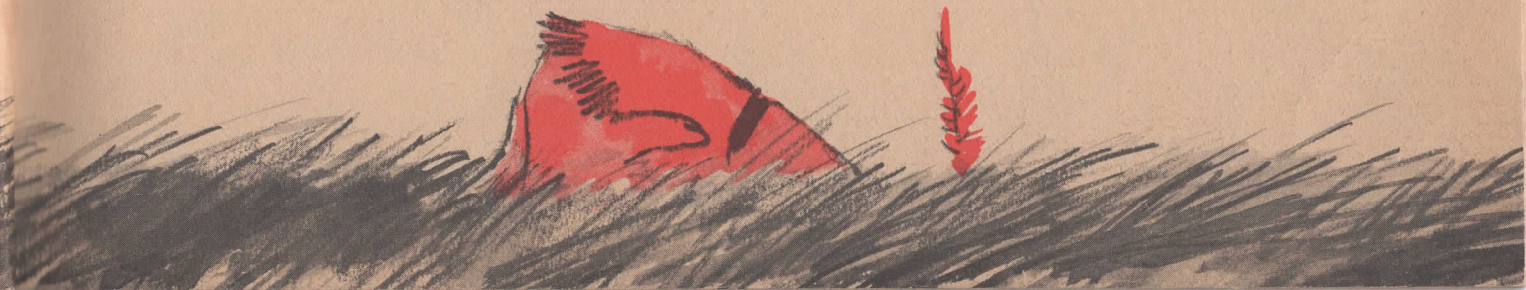
"Little Two Feet,"
said his father.

"You must think like a horse to find one.
Go find one."

Little Two Feet
walked to some
tall grass.



“If I were a horse,”
said Two Feet,
“I would put my nose
into this grass.”



But he did not find
a horse.



He ran to a river.



“If I were a horse,”
said Two Feet, “I would
put my nose into this river.”

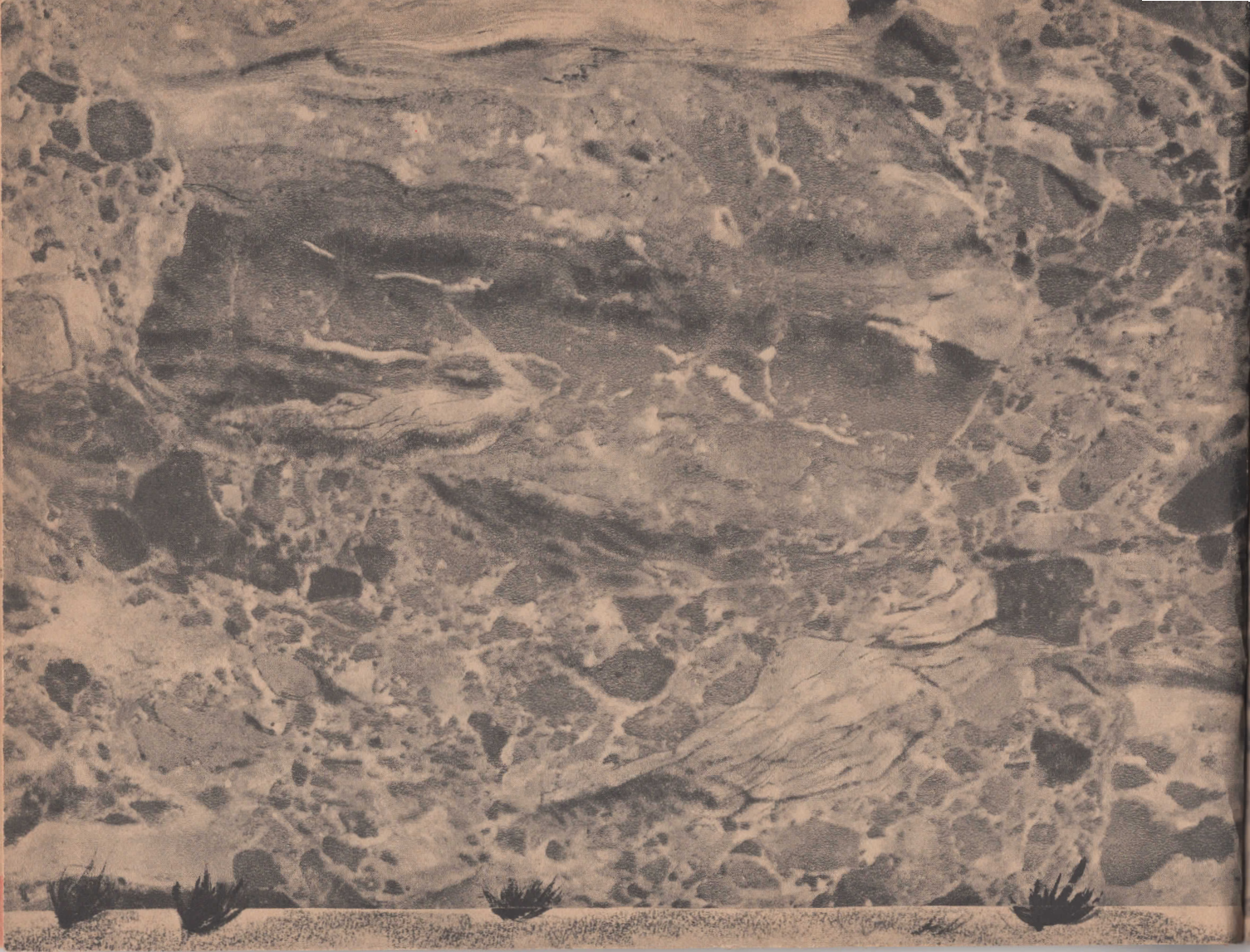
But he did not find a horse.

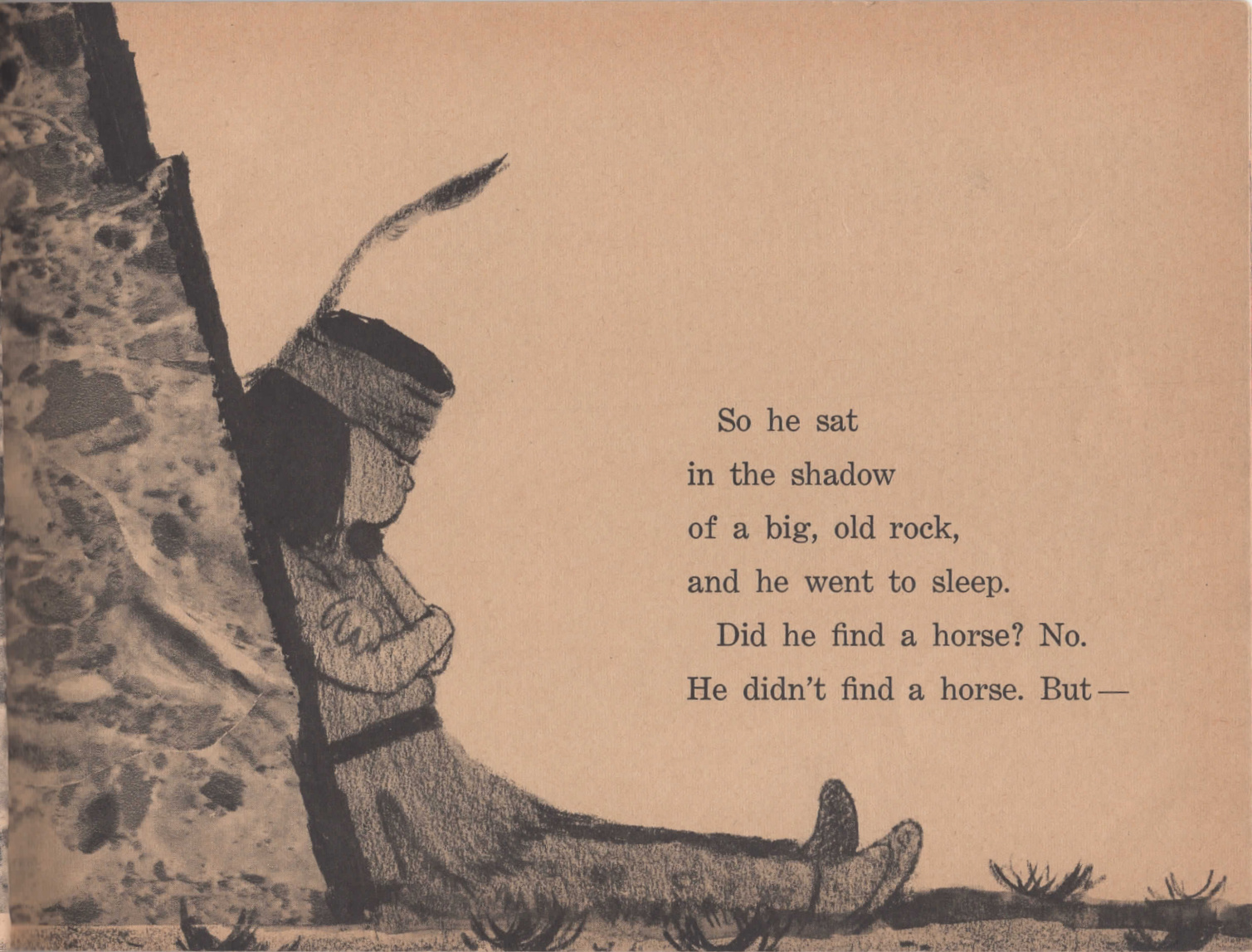




He ran to a hill
where the sun was hot.

"If I were a horse,"
said Two Feet, "I would
find a cool, cool spot."





So he sat
in the shadow
of a big, old rock,
and he went to sleep.

Did he find a horse? No.
He didn't find a horse. But —

. . . a horse found him.



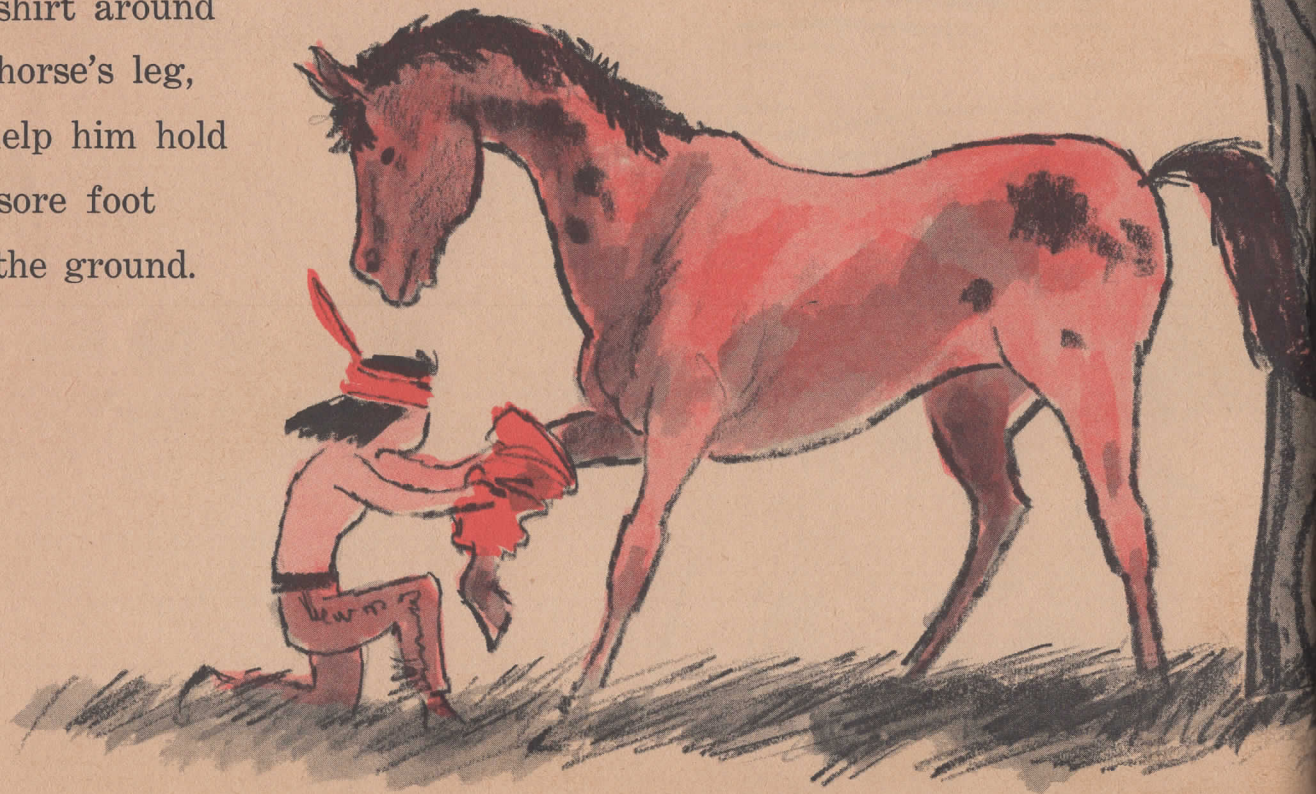
Now a horse
has four feet,
but this one
stood on three.

He held up a
sore foot for
Two Feet to see.



“Oh,” said Two Feet.
“If I were a horse
with one bad foot,
I would need some help
from a boy like me.”

Two Feet put
his shirt around
his horse's leg,
to help him hold
his sore foot
off the ground.



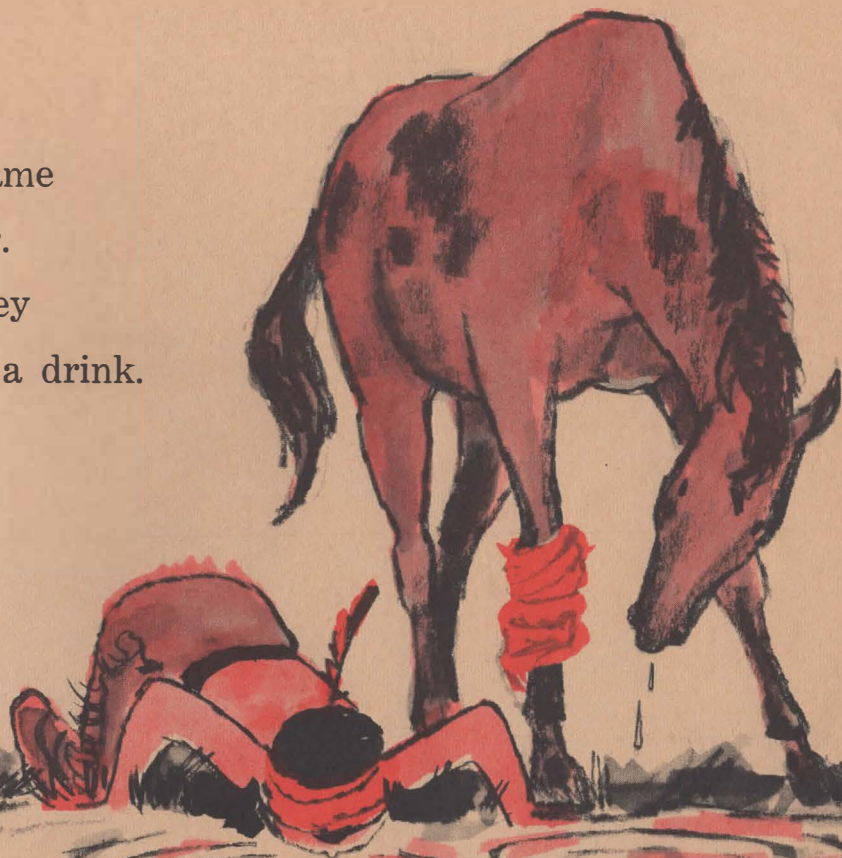
"I will help you,"
said Two Feet.
"Come with me."



Little Two Feet
had a horse. But
he still had to walk!



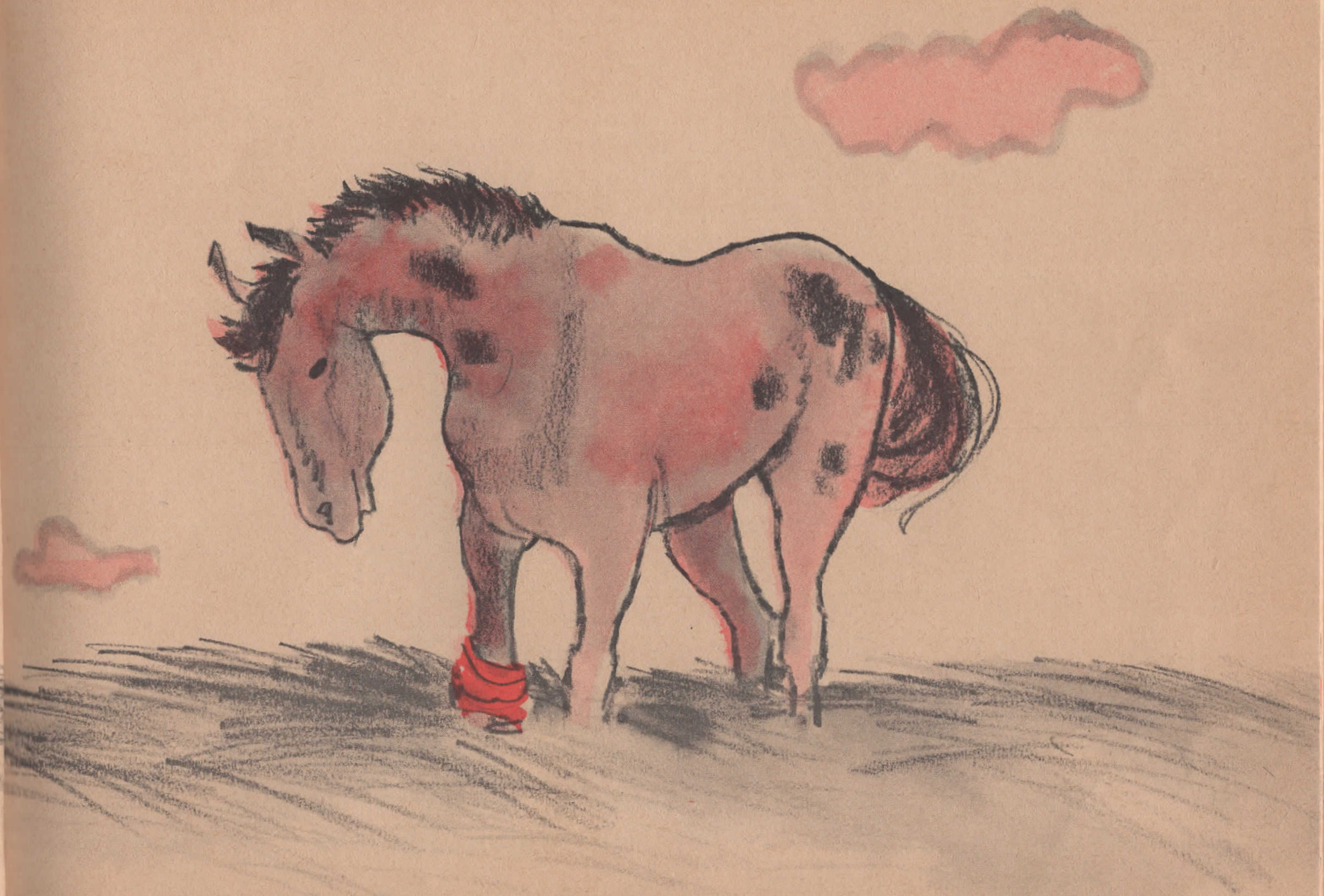
They came
to a river.
And they
both had a drink.



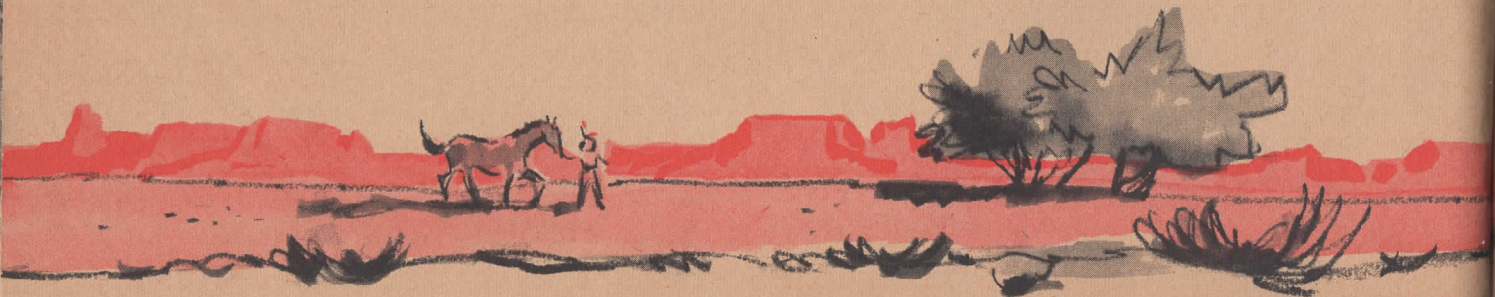
They came to the grass
so long and cool.

They rested for a while.





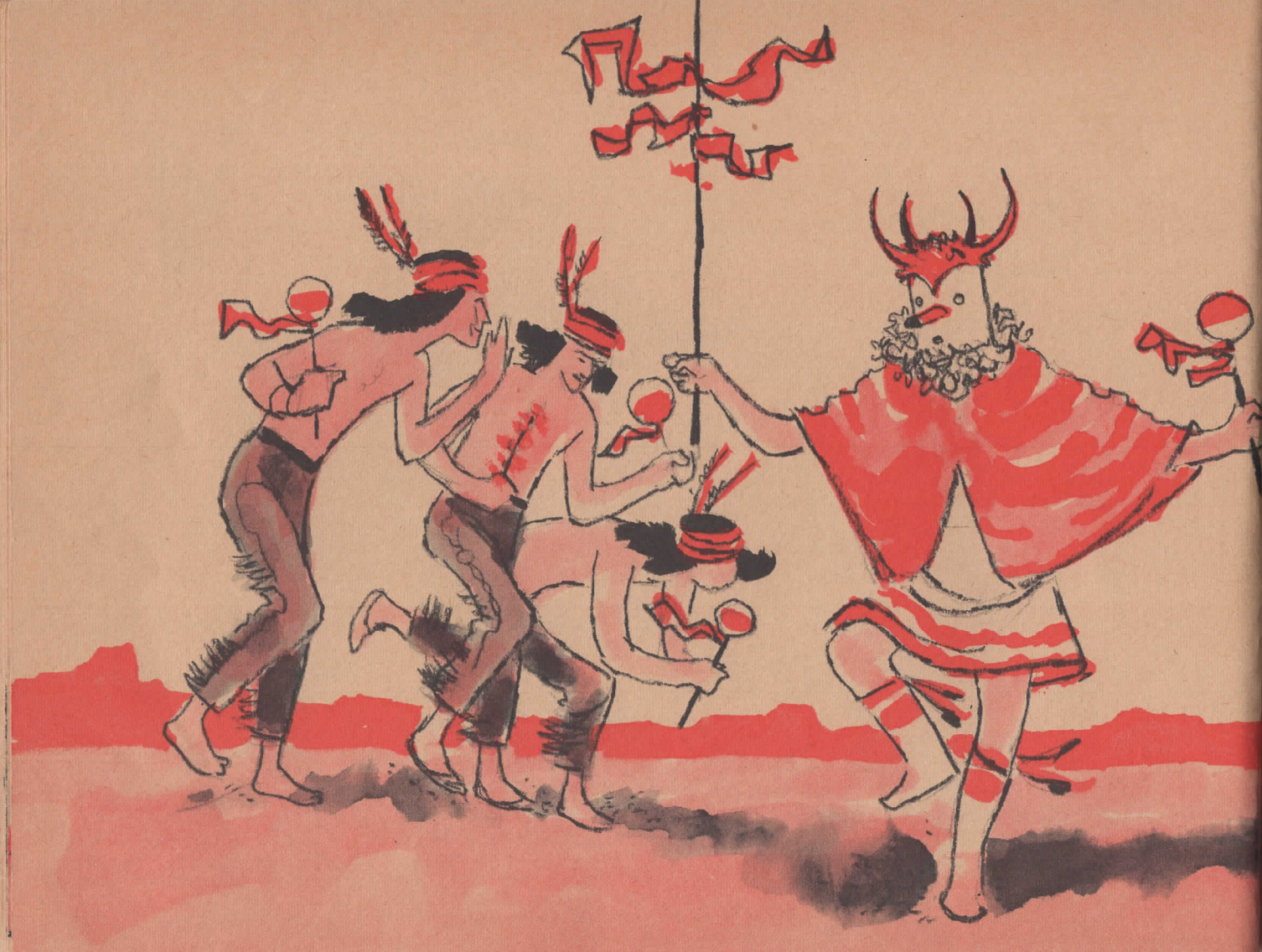
And then they walked some more.



And at last
they both came home.

“Little Two Feet
has a horse!” said
his father.





And they all danced and sang.



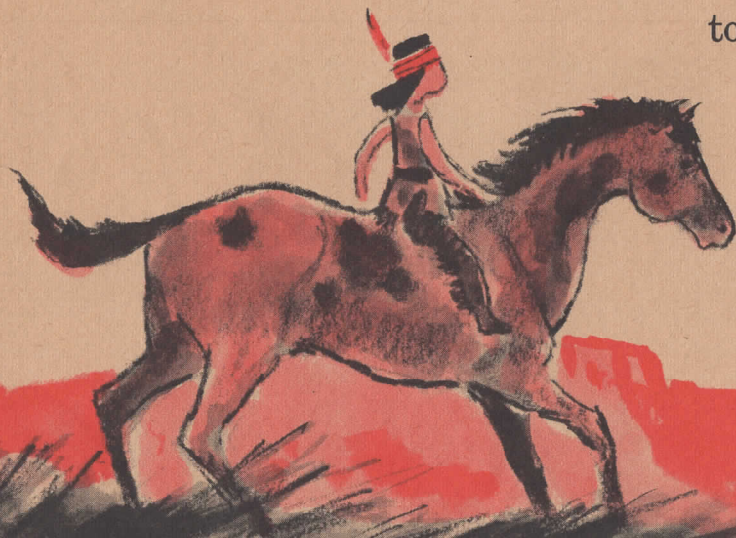


Every day, Two Feet
brought his horse
some water.

He brought him
some grass.

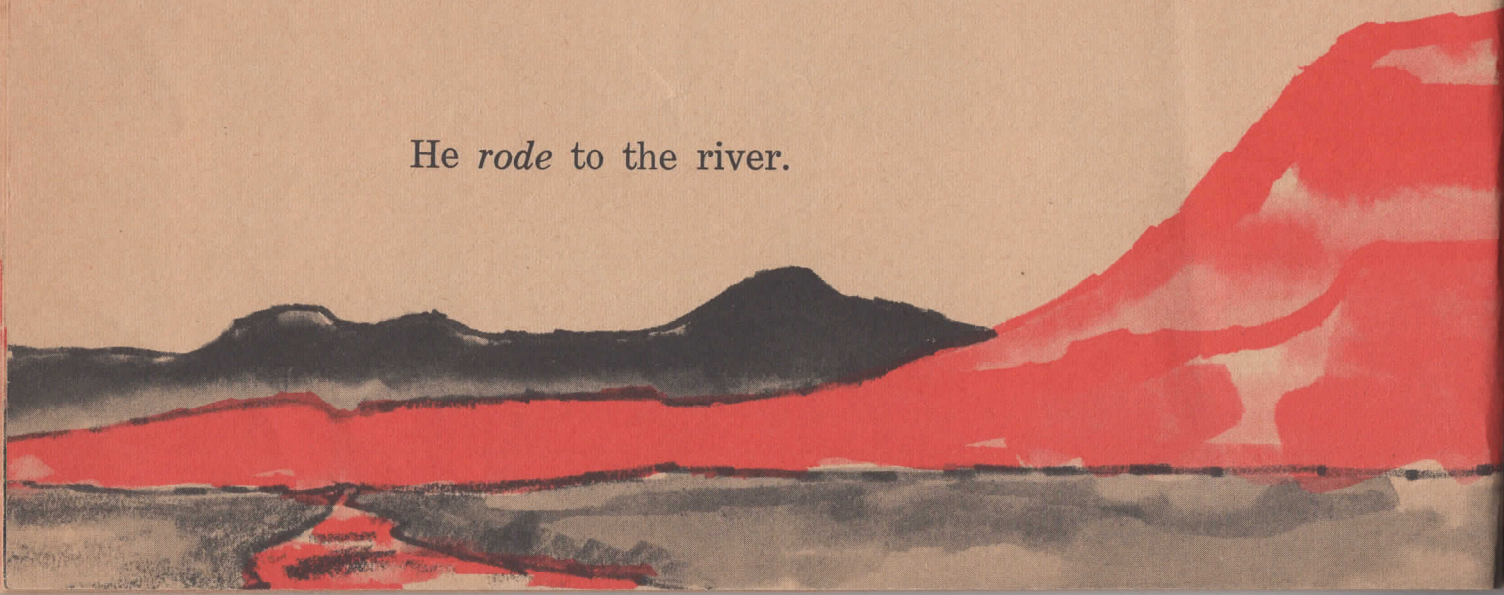
He took care of
that horse's foot
until the foot
was well.

And then he *rode*
to the woods.





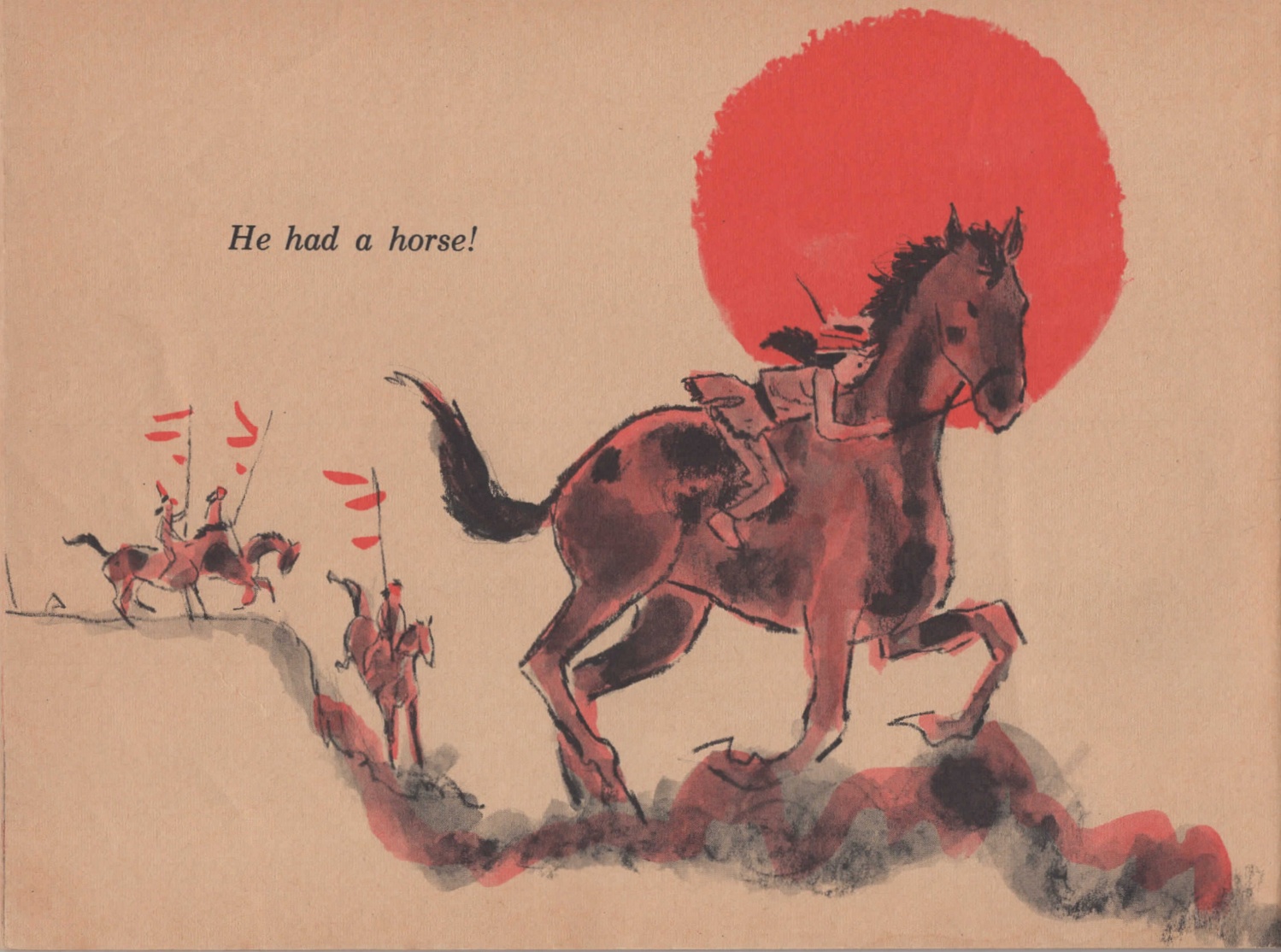
He *rode* to the river.



He *rode* to the top of a high, high hill.



He had a horse!







Little Two Feet wished he had a horse.

"Little Two Feet," said his father,

"You must think like a horse to find one.

Go find one."

SCHOLASTIC BOOK SERVICES, NEW YORK

An illustration of a Native American boy standing next to a large, textured tree trunk. The boy is wearing a yellow tunic with a circular emblem, a red headband with a feather, and a fringed skirt. He is looking towards the right. The background is a mottled blue and brown texture.

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"Little Two Feet," said his father,

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